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UNITY

Freedom, Fellowship and Character in Religion

Official Organ of the Congress of Religion

CATHOLICITY.

Go to the Great Confessor in the temple of your soul,
Kneel there before the altar where the creeds of truth control,
The true church is within you, it is there that people pray,
Within you is the Kingdom, there the Sabbath every day.

There worship with your neighbor, your enemy and friend,
There find your soul's salvation, a peace that hath no end,
And love for one another and the freedom to obey,
And there in self-surrender you will find eternal day.

You have rendered unto Caesar, now render unto God
And walk within that highway where angels' feet have trod,
And join the Church of churches and obey the inner light,
That dawn may come in glory to the watchers of the night.

—Donald Fuller.

Written for UNITY.

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UNITY

"HE HATH MADE OF ONE ALL NATIONS OF MEN."

VOLUME LVIII THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 20, 1906 NUMBER 3

The Bible mostly divided men into kinds or parties, Jews and Gentiles, imperialists and anti-imperialists, saints and sinners. But the new thought is at the heart of all the Bibles, for it is at the common heart of humanity. It forbids us to hate or curse anyone. When we seem farthest apart, we still fully expect to meet higher up.

—Charles F. Dole.

An article in a recent number of the *Literary Digest* gives a hopeful note concerning the religious situation in France. The separation of church and state is, as might be expected, putting new life into the church. Already it is taking upon itself new institutional activities which have been the saving clause of Protestantism.

A writer in the *Universalist Leader* well says: "We ought to read Gray's Elegy in connection with Senator Ingalls' famous sonnet on 'Opportunity.'" The mighty figure outlined in the sonnet does not throw open the doors to all men, and the highest type of men are not those who stand ready to clutch the chance as it passes by. Rather he is the great and strong nature, to further quote from the article, "whose career has opened the door for other men to win success, not shut that door."

The following note from an UNITY subscriber is typical of many that come during the year. We publish it because it represents the most valuable asset of UNITY. It is the "invested capital" that insures its continuation. Sure, the Unity Publishing Company cannot afford to do without the revenue that comes from such sources; the capital that makes its burdens light:

"My subscription expires and I cannot renew it. I have had it for twenty-one years; it has been pastor and church to me. However, I have gotten so much good from it in the past that I can try for the future to live up to its standards. If at any time I can again renew I will certainly do so. May success attend the paper and its editors."

The Chinese government hereafter closes the Department in Pekin to visitors on Sunday out of respect to the European and American diplomats at the court. China may safely push on in this direction. A day of rest, respected for its own sake, is a noble and profitable institution for any people. It cannot fail to advance the financial and civic as well as the moral interests of any country. The tyranny of the old Sabbath may well be dispensed with, but the benignity of a day of rest, a welcome Sunday, will contribute increasingly to be a holy day. Alas for the children who grow up indifferent to or unconscious of the seven-day measure of time!

An Episcopal bishop in the Philippines has refused a contribution of a thousand dollars to his charitable work offered him by a jockey club whose revenues were derived largely from racing bets. Most everyone will agree with the bishop that this was tainted money, but it is a more difficult problem to determine where the taint begins and how far the taint extends. A beginning is made in the direction of righteousness at least when it is recognized that there is taint somewhere and that it is the part of conscience to take note of the same. Surely one dollar will buy as much flour or as many Bibles as another, though all dollars are not equally clean.

The *Congregationalist* in its review of William Clarke Gordon's "Social Ideals of Alfred Tennyson," says: "Tennyson's social enthusiasms would sound faint among the more robust voices of Lowell, Whitman and Morris." But at least Tennyson saw that "society cannot be saved by medicines; it must be saved by the power of an ideal, 'the Christ that is to be.'" This Tennysonian note is the potent note in the message of his more stalwart successors. Mrs. Browning's words are eternally true if we may quote from a treacherous memory:

"It takes the ideal to blow the dust from off the actual;
It takes a soul to move the body into a cleaner sty."

Alas for the school that does not awaken ideals! Alas for the graduate whose studies have left him without an enthusiasm, a God within!

The *Congregationalist* takes what seems to us an entirely sane view of President Roosevelt's order in the interest of reform spelling. According to our contemporary, of the three hundred words contained in the reform list thirty-five of them involve only the changing of the diphthong "ae" for the single "e." Another list of words is simply dropping the "u" out of such words as "labour." The next change involves simply the rearrangement of the last two letters, such as "ter" for "tre" in theatre. Then comes the dropping of the "ue" in such words as "catalogue" and the "me" in such words as "programme." Surely this will not shock the cultured world very much. It will be getting rid of so much literary impedimenta, and when we are a little used to this three hundred we will be ready for another list. Perhaps this graduating reform is itself a painful process. The man who eliminated an inch at a time from his dog's tail for humane reasons did not thereby reduce the suffering of the dog.

One thing is sure: English orthography is not infallible, is not now and never has been stationary. Modifications are ever going on. Let the good work continue.

Not only the citizens of Chicago, but the friends of good government everywhere ought to be encouraged by the recent action of Mayor Dunne, with the cooperation of the General Superintendent of Police, J. M. Collins, and his attorney, Frank D. Comerford, in closing up several of the places in the business district which were conducting a nefarious business under the justified name of "hotels." It has been assumed by the best citizens that there must be certain territory in a great city where the important ordinances, safeguarding the innocent and establishing the common moralities, must be allowed to go by default. This "public opinion" has made of the first ward of Chicago, for instance, lawless territory by common consent. Public officials from the mayor down to the council have assumed that the safeguards of decency do not here obtain. We are persuaded that this rests on a vicious social theory which is justified only by this unwarranted confession of weakness on the part of the law-abiding. Surely the time is coming when the ordinances of the city of Chicago will apply to the first ward as they do to the sixth or any other ward in the city.

Books for the Preacher's Table.

The lecture which Professor Münsterberg delivered at Yale University as a sort of exchange of courtesies between the oldest Universities in the country, Yale and Harvard, on *"Science and Idealism," makes good reading for the preachers, all of whom ought to be grateful to the Houghton-Miflin house for publishing the same in a neat available form. Science is not philosophy and philosophy is not science, but this is no reason why they should tear and rend one another. This Harvard professor has risen to the heights of vision which enables him to see that they should be friends if they are not kindred. Their methods may be different, their quest is the same, and "the conclusion of the whole matter" very much the same. The closing phrase in this book is significant. "This at least we must understand, that science falls asunder if we disbelieve in absolute ideals." This other statement is equally true,—"No Emersonian enthusiasm can overcome the arguments of reason, and every inconsistent short-cut of thought must lead us to abysses." These two citations may indicate the method and perhaps some of the arguments in this clarifying essay, but the argument aside, the introduction is interesting. Surely last year's greatest achievement of Harvard College was "the erection of a noble monumental building as a home for philosophy—Emerson Hall." Emerson has at last come to his own. Emerson, who for so many years was shamefully neglected if not opposed by his alma mater. If they could not refute they could and did ignore Emerson at Harvard. He is now honored by this building dedicated to the study of the Ideal. It not only means, as the lecturer says, "that our scientific time ought to ask once more," is there anything in this world that is really valuable in itself, anything which justifies the idealistic belief in absolute values?" But it also means that in the face of the commercialism of our time, in days when science has the floor, academically speaking, the prophet of the ideal, the spokesman of God in the nineteenth century, has worthy recognition. Harvard College could pay no more fitting tribute to her greatest alumnus than by the erection of this Hall of Philosophy.

We have already called attention to Henry Lloyd's posthumous work, **"Man the Social Creator," but we again wish to commend it as a preacher's book. The New Conscience in Education, The New Political Economy Protecting Our Common Wealth, The Church of the Deed, and The Religion of Labor, are themselves suggestive sermon topics, and the minister who takes them into the pulpit after having profited by the illumination of Mr. Lloyd's discussion will certainly carry manna to the hungry. Let not the preacher be afraid of his individuality. There is no sin in kindling your fire with coals taken from a neighbor's altar. The man who will read this book through in quest of material and use the wealth he finds, will keep his congregation awake. Emerson has said that next to the framing of a great sentence or paragraph is the discovering of the same.

Sanity is the word that best characterizes the work of Charles F. Dole, whose shelf of books is growing hopefully long. Not one of them can be spared from the minister's table, least of all this last one on ***"The spirit of Democracy." The book is full of pulpit material. They are sermon studies on the practical ethical lines in which religion today securely roots itself. The theologically trained, the school-trained preacher, is vigilant lest in these days philosophy, theology, and the scholasticism involved in these terms should suffer an eclipse and religion be cheapened, perhaps degraded by the persistent intrusion of sociology. Those who share in this apprehension say, "ethics, sociology, politics, charity, etc., are all good, very good; they should be preached, but—." The insolence in this assumption is implied in the "but." The implication that the thoughts of the Eternal, the sense of the sublime, the thirst for perfection, will suffer eclipse in the halls of ethics, rests upon a false estimate of these later quests. Let the preacher beware lest he become confusd with terms. Sociology *is* theology made concrete, nay, theology made organic. It is a demonstration of the theologian's algebraic signs. Nearer and nearer does the preacher approach the adequate altar and put his hand into the hand of the inevitable and un-

*"Science and Idealism," Hugo Münsterberg, Houghton, Mifflin & Co., 85c.

**"Man the Social Creator," Henry Demarest Lloyd, Doubleday, Page & Co., $2.

***"The Spirit of Democracy," Charles F. Dole, T. Y. Crowell & Co., $1.25.

failing God, as he broods upon the problems of democracy, rejoices in the ideals of politics and grapples with the perplexities of grimest pauperism.

The table of contents in this book will suggest to most people mundane if not transient problems. But mundane problems are more divine than celestial ones. Of all the stars, the earth, to man, should be the most glorious, and the milky way is a pale abstraction compared with the glories that the tender heart finds in the back alleys of our great cities.

Mr. Dole tells us that his "purpose in this book is to show what real democratic government is." His discussions take a wide range, reaching from the party spirit to labor unions, anarchy to socialism, majority rule to the new immigration. The book more than justifies its modest claims. Here is nothing startling, neither is there anything stupid, no new contentions, but every sentence is illuminating. We wish a copy of this book might be laid on the table of every member of the present congress. It should be in the hands of every governor in the union. Perhaps the investment of the required amount of money to make such a distribution would be the most effective missionary investment possible. It would do much for the cause of religion. Analysis of this book is unnecessary; we can only commend it.

"Every coöperative effort, whatever its motive may be at the start, presently helps to socialize, moralize and civilize men."

"It is doubtful if men ever make really good citizens without having learned the lessons of public spirit and coöperative action in the free schools, the neighborhood, the church, the grange, the dairy or poultry association, the village improvement society, and other simple forms of free mutual union where their loyalty and good sense are constantly called for in behalf of the common good."

"Who knows that the grand experiment of different races living together under equal laws, an experiment which the world is now trying on a vast scale, will not prove, under favorable conditions, to work for the advantage of all? * * * For the differences among the races of men are on the surface, while their likenesses lie deep in their nature. These likenesses, moreover, become more evident the more men grow toward complete humanity."

These are but sample quotations from a book that well climbs to a climax, the fitting phrasings of which are found in the lines of Walt Whitman which headed our editorial column last week.

Tower Hill Letter Number VIII.

About this time every year at Tower Hill certain members of the community become restless and are seized with a longing to take to the open road. Although fate has cast our lives in civilized places, we are quite sure some of us were meant to be gypsies, so kindly do they take to the life, and all of us are good gypsies for at least a week. So as the summer school was finished, and the three days' county fair, in which we were much interested, was over, we appointed Monday, September 3, as the day for starting. A rain the day before had laid the dust and cooled the air, and the morning dawned cool, clear and sparkling, the sort of a day to send the blood dancing in one's veins. Immediately after breakfast the baggage was stowed neatly away in the two canopy-top wagons, the ten passengers seated, our leader mounted on Roos, and the procession moved, accompanied by outriders and followed a short distance by the shouting populace who couldn't go along. We had no plans except to ride towards the Mississippi. We didn't know where we were going and didn't care, and if our leader knew he wouldn't tell. We knew it would be beautiful, and our only object was

"For to admire and for to see,
For to be'o'ld this world so wide,"

and we found our faculties taxed to the utmost almost immediately, for we turned first toward the Otter Creek Valley, one of the longest and most beautiful of all the valleys we passed through. Our first stop was to water the horses, and here the hospital farmer presented us with a bag of apples to cheer us on our way. We rode on in delight over the roads by the brilliant fall flowers, the wooded hills and fine fields, picturesque cattle and comfortable homes, until certain feelings began to suggest dinner time. After some search, as the valley was narrow and yard space limited, we selected a field upon a hill-slope, velvety-green, with a beautiful clear stream of water at our feet, as a suitable place. Farmers threshing by horse power in a field nearby lent a charm to the scene, and at a cheese factory across the road (we were in a land of cheese factories) we were allowed to make our tea and coffee. The dinner, for which many chickens had been laid upon the altar of sacrifice, and garden and housekeeper's pantries had yielded many treasures, disappeared as if by magic, and after a short rest we moved on. In the afternoon we reluctantly left the valley and emerged upon another world, stretched out in every direction, softly rolling, rich in crops, and very fair to look upon. We passed through the town of Highlands, where Roos and her rider were immediately recognized and heartily greeted. We found this our experience in every town we passed through. No matter how small the town or how far away from the railroad, the name of Jenkin Lloyd Jones proved always a magic key which opened hearts and doors before us. We then pushed on to Montfort, where we spent the night.

Tuesday morning after breakfast we left Montfort, drove through Rewey, where some Welsh friends were called upon, and by noon reached "Old Belmont," the historic seat of the territorial government and the place where the constitution of the State of Wisconsin was framed. The buildings are now used for farm purposes, and the tenant welcomed us into the yard, where we had dinner, after which he showed us the buildings and told us many interesting things about them. There are two buildings and we were told that they were framed in Pittsburg, floated down the Ohio river to Cairo, then carried up the Mississippi to Galena, across the country by ox teams, and set up at Belmont about 1832. The Supreme Court building is now the farm house and we were taken in to see the large room where the court sat, divided from the smaller jury room by large folding doors; also the interesting stairway and very wide paneled front door. The second building, which is much larger, was the capitol building, and as it is now used for a barn, it is necessary to wade through a yard devoted to pigs to get a good view of it. In spite of desecration it still retains an air of dignity and bears certain marks in finishing which distinguish it from an ordinary building, and is so solid in construction that with ordinary care it would last at least a hundred years longer.

Having see everything of interest here, we pulled on toward Platte Mound. All day we had been approaching it. In the early morning we had seen it—a blue cloud, faint and shadowy in the distance. Now

at its foot, with its huge, sphinxlike crags of rock towering above us. An attractive farm house nestled against its side, and from the barnyard gate stared the sign, "No trespassing allowed." This looked serious, but we were under the leadership of a man not easily discouraged, and after an interview with the hired man, who was too loyal to his trust to give us permission to ascend, he took the responsibility upon his own shoulders and led his party to the top. Up the paths of the hillside, deliciously fragrant with wild mints in delicate blossom, over the great rocks worn by wind and weather, to the top, crowned by a magnificent forest of basswoods, and below us there lay a view that was worth coming many miles "for to admire and for to see." We have been to the top of Blue Mounds, which is higher and has perhaps the wider and wilder view, but we know not where to go to find such a wonderful panorama of peace, prosperity and domesticity as here spread out before us for miles and miles in beautiful farms, comfortable homes, contented cattle, smiling fields and far-off towns. We regretted the vandalism which has compelled the owner to shut his gates to the multitudes who ought to come there for the wide view and the spiritual uplift which accompanies it.

Descending from the Mound, a short drive brought us into the wide-awake, bustling city of Platteville, a city in the region of lead and zinc mines, evidences of which we had seen all day in an occasional working mine and many prospector's holes. Here we found ourselves in the hands of friends, who quite overwhelmed us with their royal welcome. Before we recovered our breath we found carriages at the door and were whirled away to visit the Enterprise mine, one of the large mines. Many of the buildings were closed, as it was fair time and a holiday, but the "roasting" mill was in full operation. Machinery is always mysterious and unintelligible to the feminine mind, but it was both interesting and inspiring to peep in the furnace at the beautiful white heat and particles of ore falling like a fiery waterfall, the great magnets drawing away the elements not wanted, and the huge water table shifting and sorting and putting the different layers in their proper places.

Upon leaving the mines we were driven to one of the pretty homes where those delightful, cultured, whole-souled hostesses of ours had combined forces and spread on the lawn a bountiful and delicious supper, to which we did ample justice. We were not allowed to stay at the hotel that night, but were entertained in the several homes of our friends. In the evening Professor Livingstone, head of the Platteville Normal School, a man who has done much good work for the cause of education in Wisconsin, came with his wife to bring his tribute in beautiful flowers, also to plead for a speech at the school in the morning. Though he protested that he had left the talking machine at home, Mr. Jones consented, and in the morning we all went to school. A beautiful new building is in the course of construction, but the large assembly hall of the old building, filled with pupils, was an inspiring and pleasant sight, and from the applause we judged Mr. Jones was a welcome guest. Professor Livingstone introduced him, referring to his labors in the city in the service of humanity, and his extension of the same work in the country in the summer time, as fittingly expressed in the little poem which he quoted, which begins:

"Rest is not quitting
The busy career,
Rest is the fitting
Of self to its sphere.
'T is loving and serving
The highest and best,
'Tis onward, unswerving,
And this is true rest."

In his address Mr. Jones made a plea for the fitting preservation of the old Belmont buildings; also for the public ownership of Platte Mound, that it might be kept for a park.

The wagons were waiting for us in front of the school and our friends escorted us out of town, leaving us in a glow of loving memories of our visit to Platteville.

Our way lay over the highlands, through the town of Lancaster, where we admired the dignified, handsome courthouse, and in the afternoon we came into the wonderfully beautiful valley of the Grant river, the land of fine cattle. We had supper that night in one of the loveliest farmhouse yards we had yet seen. The cosy and comfortable house stood in the shadow of a bluff, with a long, sloping, emerald green lawn simply aglow with brilliant flower beds of asters, dahlias, petunias, gladioli and many others. The man of the house brought out his beautiful, gentle, spirited team of coal black horses, so much alike that it was hard to tell them apart, and exhibited them with a pardonable pride, and presently the little daughter appeared with a pair of pet ducks, which she showed with a similar pride. The mother, who had lived in the city, expressed her preference for farm life, saying it was no harder for a woman than any other and had more compensations. We praised the flowers and she said she liked to have them so she could give them away, especially to sick folks. It was a happy home and we felt better for our stop there. A short ride brought us into Bloomington, our stopping place for the night, and it proved to be a most interesting town. Tucked into the valley, eleven miles from the railroad, we found it a snug, well-kept, public-spirited little place, with broad, well-paved streets, cement sidewalks, one of the best school houses we had seen anywhere, and inhabitants who seemed to vie with each other to see who could have the best kept house and lawn and brightest flowers. Also on the outskirts of the town on every road, as at Platteville and a few other places, were fine public watering places for horses, kept constantly filled with pure running water, usually obtained from springs, and built so high up that the horses could drink without unchecking. These were as refreshing as they were rare, for we lost it, then a turn in the road brought it back, each time more real and distinct, until at last we stood drinking places are all too few, and poor Roos had many a vain search for water along the road.

Leaving Bloomington Thursday morning we turned toward Patch Grove to re-visit the scenes familiar to those who are acquainted with "A Search for an Infidel." We had a most interesting day, of which the readers of UNITY will probably hear more in a few weeks. That afternoon we crossed the Wisconsin river at Bridgeport and reached Prairie du Chien, on the Mississippi, in time for supper. Friday morning early we took the ferry across the river to McGregor, Ia., the quaint "Pocket City," wedged in the narrow valley, overhung by the steep wooded bluffs. Here we chartered a gasoline launch, the "Alert," a fine little boat with a most obliging captain, and spent the whole day upon the water, an enchanting, long-to-be-remembered day. We were truly in the "Waters of the Wondrous Isles," and our boat was a real "sending-boat," for we had but to will and the swift, beautiful, true-running little craft obeyed. On one hand were the Iowa bluffs, the highest on the Mississippi,

we were told, wonderfully beautiful and picturesque, and on the other hand lay the magic islands, which hid the Wisconsin shores. Our first stop was to visit the Pictured Rocks, which lie hidden in an exquisite shadowy-walled, flower-trimmed, fern-embroidered glen, with a musical stream falling over the rocks on its way to the river. In the recesses glow the pictured rocks, which look somewhat as if Mother Nature had been trying her colors on them before painting a sunset.

We had several glimpses of river life which were new to us. At the first landing we found a fisherman's camp, where they caught rock-bottom sturgeon and smoked it. We bought some for our picnic dinner on the island and it proved delicious. All along the river were great heaps of clam shells, evidences of the industry of pearl hunting and button making, which has raged for the past few years. We saw a number of clam-boats out fishing on the river and saw them raising huge bars from which hung the chains with hooks at the end with which they drag the river. Wishing to know more about the industry, the captain stopped at a landing where some women were in the business. Here was a little family of four, an old gentleman and two daughters, one of whom was a widow with one child—a girl. They had come there from Chicago because of the delicate health of the little girl, built a cabin, which had been their home for five years, and had earned their living clamming, and in the free out-of-door life the child's health had been quite restored. It was hard work, very hard, and now they were preparing a house-boat to move further up the river, where new beds had been discovered, for they always hoped to find the valuable pearl which was to furnish the musical education of the talented child. Her mother asked her to sing for us and with unaffected simplicity she stood upon the edge of a railroad track with her bright hair flying about her, slim and fair, against the background of the dark green bluff, with her audience sitting at her feet among the tangled masses of flowers, and sang her pretty songs in a sweet, pure voice, which, if the proper shell is found, is to become to her a pearl of great price. And we echoed the mother's wish that somehow, or in some way, the good Lord might send it to them!

Saturday morning found us upon the road a little after 6 o'clock enjoying the dewy freshness and coolness of the world. We were upon the highlands nearly all day, taking a long nooning under a very patriarch of a maple tree in a farm yard. We reached the Kickapoo river at Gay's Mills, where we had supper on its banks, and spent the night at the hotel. Sunday found us in the valleys again, in a fine farming country and the land of huge tobacco crops. We passed through Soldiers' Grove, a very interesting, progressive, tidy place, where we saw the home of Governor Davidson. By noon we were in Mill Creek valley, where we saw the finest forest trees, real monarchs of the oak, elm and maple tribes, and in the beautiful spot where we ate our dinner we found a new fern—that is, one which does not grow on Tower Hill—the crested shield fern. At supper time we waited while a man milked a cow for us; then we lunched by the roadside upon the fresh milk, bread and butter, and salad made from the fine, fresh watercress we had picked in a stream that afternoon. We spent the night at Richland Center, and Monday morning regretfully entered upon the last day of our trip. It was a day of beauty, a day which proved that "the best was yet to be," for each mile seemed lovelier than the last, as we went through the Big Bear, then into the Little Bear valley, and here our way was bordered with gentians, open and closed, five-flowered, and that most exquisite of the fall family, the fringed gentian, so airy and delicate that it may have happened to come into being as a poet has said:

"Four plumes from a bluebird's wing as far to the south he flew,
The Angel of Flowers caught them up as they fell on the morning dew,
And shaped with a twirl of her fingers this spire of feathery blue."

We stopped for dinner in this beautiful Little Bear valley at a farm house which seemed ideal in every way. The large handsome house, so well furnished, with good music and fine books, steam-heated, with every convenience for the housekeeper; the beautiful yard with its perfect trees and lovely flowers, and the hundreds of cattle grazing on the park-like hills, seemed to satisfy every sense of comfort and beauty. The whole place spoke eloquently of the fifty years of continuous residence and the loving care and artistic taste of the owners, the dear old lady, eighty-two years young, and her devoted son and daughter. We were shown the treasures of the house, the spinning wheel the dear old mother had owned since she was twelve years old, the patterns her mother had brought from England, the willow-pattern plate one hundred years old, the fine paintings and photographs, the work of the artist-son, and were given the freedom of the flower beds by the daughter. It was very hard to leave such a delightful place and we turned away with regret, and very soon had come through "Big Hollow," out onto the prairie, and in full view of our own pretty village and the range of blue amongst which lay Tower Hill, and the delightful eight days had come to an end. We had covered two hundred and fifty miles, visited five counties and numerous towns, and every day had scenery spread before us that for beauty and fertility cannot be surpassed. We had had perfect weather, no accidents of any kind, and had been the recipients of so much kindness that we could not say of the world with Tommy Atkins,

"It never done no good to me,"

but we could join in the chorus when he adds,

"But I can't drop it if I tried."

BERTHA M. HOWE.

Mother Bickerdyke As I Knew Her

BY MRS. FLORENCE S. KELLOGG, FAY, KANSAS.

CHAPTER XI.

BACK FROM CALIFORNIA—A LETTER TO THE SOLDIERS.

"One of these days we shall know the reason,
Haply, of much that perplexes us now."

And then, perhaps, we shall know why it is that so often the young and joyous, those standing with glad anticipations of future usefulness upon the threshold of life, who are dreaming dreams and seeing visions of what is to be, and who feel within them the stir of mighty thoughts and ambitions—perhaps we shall know why these are taken from earth and the old and feeble, those who are worn and weary and long for rest, to whom life seems as a struggle that is past, its glory gone, its dreams forgotten, these are left "yet a little longer."

It was a longing cry for "mother" from the lips of her beloved step-daughter that called Mother Bickerdyke back from California early in 1887. This daughter was a fair young girl in her "teens" when Mrs. Bickerdyke began her work in the army, and went to Covington, Ky., to live with a relative when her home with "mother" was broken up. There she had remained a dear and useful member of home, church, and society. She was a sweet singer and was often called upon to aid in concerts and "musicales," and in

the church choir. But now a dread disease had fastened upon her, from which she knew she could not recover, and her heart turned with strong longing to the noble woman who was the only mother she could remember. Not only the mother, but her brothers also hastened to her bedside and remained with her until the end. All that love could do—all that money could do was done to stay the step of Death—but in vain. The suffering ceased in July, the feeble hand let go its hold of the strong hands of those who loved her to clasp that of the angel and be led out to larger life and higher service elsewhere, and the mother who had faced death so many times, and had gone with so many down to the very gates of death, she who was so brave and strong to bear sorrow, found her heart rent anew with anguish, but through it all she heard the call to higher things—that call that sounds for us each one in every sorrow, so only we are strong enough to hear it—and her soul responded to it. She came from that chamber of Death consecrated anew to her work of love and charity, with all her sympathies deepened and purified, with greater power to do and to be—to cheer and to encourage.

She returned to Kansas when her work in Covington was over, living with her son, Prof. James R. Bickerdyke at Bunker Hill, where he was engaged as principal of the schools there, and later, when he was elected superintendent of the schools of Russell county, she moved with him to Russell. Ever after this her home was in Kansas, though she made frequent trips elsewhere, chiefly to attend soldiers' reunions and to further her work as a pension attorney. She was instrumental in securing pensions for a great many soldiers and nurses. In this work, as in everything she undertook, she was untiring and successful where one of less courage and determination must have failed. The wants and needs of her soldier boys seemed ever in her mind and for them she did her chief work, but she did not confine herself to it alone. Any "righteous cause" might be sure of help from her. Nor did she wait until a cause grew popular before espousing it, but was ever ready to share the "meager crusts" with the brave few who stand in the forefront of every movement or cause. She believed in the right of suffrage for women as for men, and when this was to be voted upon in Kansas she addressed the following letter "To the Heroes of 1861-1865." I copy it from a local paper in which it was published shortly after it was written, in June, 1893. Kansas is especially a "soldier state" and the "soldier vote" was at that time, and may still be, considered as the decisive vote. But to the letter:

Comrades—It is with deep and profound gratitude that we recall how promptly and willingly you obeyed the call of that grand man, our President, Abraham Lincoln, and with loyal hearts and true, you swelled the ranks to over a million men, a million of young, brave, patriotic, strong men, who gave themselves as a willing sacrifice on the altar of their country, and marched with willing feet to victory, and many of them to death. Over six hundred battlefields were baptized with the heart's blood of our best young men. You stood shoulder to shoulder and braved all dangers of the march, the camp, the battlefield, the hospital and prison for a principle, and never stopped until the union was saved, and the last vestige of human slavery was forever banished from our land. Then you returned to the peaceful pursuits of life, made pleasant, prosperous homes, and have made Kansas one of the foremost states in the Union. Yes, Kansas owes her existence to the boys in blue, and to their wives and daughters, and the grand old hero John Brown, whose "soul is marching on."

But your locks are turning gray, your steps are no longer firm and elastic as in 1861. Yet while you cannot endure the march, the fatigue and exposure as before, you are nevertheless leaders at home, and you have an influence no other class of men can exert for the welfare of the state.

You did your duty nobly while the nation was bleeding at every pore. You fought her battles and won her victories. While you were fighting in the field woman was at home caring for the family and loved ones, bowing around the family altar pleading for you, and, with woman's love and energy, planning and organizing the great sanitary commission, which sent supplies to the hospitals; and woman's warm heart and tender hands cared for the sick and wounded, and from hearts full of tenderness and love came encouraging letters that cheered the lonely hours. Many a time when the mail was distributed we have seen tears of joy trickle down the manly cheek of the soldier, as he read a letter from mother, sister, wife or sweetheart, and oft have we answered those letters for those who from wounds or disease were unable to write. A man who has courage to battle for the right has a warm, loving heart.

We stood by you, and cared for you, and helped you in the struggle for national supremacy and human freedom! We now appeal to you as true, brave, noble, generous, chivalrous, heroic men to stand by and assist us by voting for us to have the right of ballot. We are interested as much in the government of the land as are men. Our homes are to be protected; our children are to be protected in their rights. Our interests are one, we are a unit, and we ask you to stand by us in Kansas as we stood by you in all the hard fought battles.

In the fiercest of battles women were there, and in the hospitals. Everywhere we have done what we could for you. In honor you have preferred them—"The lords of creation have women obeyed," and she has crowned him with honors, as wisdom could. We ask you as comrades to vote and work for the amendment enfranchising women.

Yours in Fraternity, Charity and Loyalty,
MOTHER BICKERDYKE.

This letter—simple as truth is simple—direct as truth is direct—thrilled through with her strong desire for justice to her sex—was read at Memorial Day gatherings, and was listened to with the loving attention that greeted all that came from her lips or pen. The report of the one committee appointed to act upon it that I have preserved is probably similar to that of many others. This is as follows:

WHEREAS, Mother Bickerdyke, so well and favorably known to the soldiers of Kansas, and whose services to them and the country are universally recognized by them. And

WHEREAS, The question of enfranchising women in the state of Kansas is to be voted upon at the next November election as an amendment to the constitution of the state. And

WHEREAS, Mother Bickerdyke has appealed in a circular letter to the soldiers of Kansas to support and aid the proposition by their votes and influence; therefore be it

Resolved, By the soldiers assembled on Memorial Day at Bridgeport, No. 131, G. A. R., that they recognize the eminent authority from which the appeal has come and that they will in this duty to their country and its noble women endeavor, as in the past, to be loyal to both and perform their duty as true patriots.

I omit the signatures for obvious reasons.

This letter of Mother Bickerdyke's must prove to all who may read it that she was not "illiterate" in any way, but could express her thoughts with ease and grace on any subject that interested her.

the result she hoped for it could not have failed in awakening thought on the subject and it will yet bear fruit, since no earnest effort for the right can fail. Time is long and some day justice will be done to all.

As proof of the western soldiers' great love for her let me state that before her pension was allowed, they proposed to tax themselves a certain sum yearly to maintain her above want and in the ease most women of her age—broken as she was by the great hardships she had endured—would desire, but she would have none of it. "Give it to some poor soldier or his family, but not to me," she said, and her word was "law" here as elsewhere.

Though the letter I have given here did not bring the result she hoped for it could not have failed in awakening thought on the subject and it will yet bear fruit, since no earnest effort for the right can fail. Time is long and some day justice will be done to all.

There is a lot of difference between working for folks and working them.

Redemption, an Accomplished Fact.

Rev. Oscar T. Morgan, Ph. D.

"Blessed be the Lord, the God of Israel; for he hath visited and wrought redemption for his people." Luke 1:68.

In this song of Zaccharias, the father of John the Baptist, we have a prophetic hymn of triumph over the coming redemption of Israel. Adopting the language of prophecy, he speaks of the things that are about to be as though they already were. He cites the history that is then unfolding as a sufficient reason for praising God. This was the regular habit of the prophets and the apostles in their preaching. They looked back to history more often than forward to the judgment. They appealed to gratitude more than to fear. They founded their arguments on past benefits rather than on future possibilities. They first recited what God had done for them in the past, and on that they based his claims to their love and allegiance. When the prophet of the Exile wished to induce the people to go out from Babylon, he came before them with a message of accomplished salvation: "Speak ye comfortably to Jerusalem; and cry unto her, that her warfare is accomplished, that her iniquity is pardoned, that she has received of Jehovah's hand double for all her sins." "Fear not, for I have redeemed thee; I have called thee by thy name, thou art mine." To these prophets of the Old Testament what God has been furnishes a sufficient indication of what he is and will continue to be and makes him worthy of man's love and service. To accept him as he is and for what he is was the burden of their message. They did not plead for service to God in order that he might be brought to love them; but because he already loves them.

If Zaccharias and the prophets could rejoice in what God had done for them, how much more may we who live at the other end of the process of redemption and do not need to look forward with prophetic eye to its coming, but can look back to it as an accomplished fact. Between them and us the greatest sacrifice that God could make has intervened, and the mightiest event of history has happened for our salvation. There is a sense in which redemption is a continuous process and waits on the obedience of the individual to make it effective in his case; but there is another and a larger meaning in salvation by which it is a work of divine grace. As Mr. Ruskin well says: "I believe that the root of almost every heresy and schism from which the Christian church has ever suffered has been the effort of men to earn rather than to receive their salvation; and that the reason that preaching is so commonly ineffectual is that it calls on men oftener to work for God than to behold God working for them." Redemption is both a fact of history and of human experience. The basis of our duty as men and women and Christians is found not so much in what God will do with us in the future as in what he has done for us in the past. It is the goodness of God that should lead us to repentance, not his wrath nor threatened punishment. Gratitude and love should play a larger part in religious service. In the call to the Christian life emphasis is too often laid on what will happen in the future if one does not come to God. But the revelation that "God is not the God of the dead, but of the living," contains a great truth for today and opens up a great reservoir of hope and happiness. God's dominion is not confined to a future heaven, but it extends to this present world. We are not merely going to fall into his hands some time; we are in his hands now. Heaven and eternal life must begin now by the upspringing of righteousness and the union of the soul with God. The question for us to settle is not what God will do with us in the day of final judgment; but what he has done for us in the past and what he is doing in us and with us at the present time. The message of the gospel is a message of present deliverance. There may have been a time when there was some excuse for living in sin, but that time has now passed. "God has visited and wrought redemption for his people." Redemption is God's work, and so far as he is concerned it is finished. We need only to accept the results of his work. We are not called upon to repent in order to be forgiven so much as we are to repent because we are forgiven. God never holds hate nor harbors resentment against the sinner; but he is all love and compassion. Forgiveness is always a great reservoir in the heart of God and waits only the touch of a penitent hand to break forth in a great flood of redemption. God does not wait for us to become conscious of him and to acknowledge him before he begins his work for us. If he did, no redemption would have been wrought. It was not in response to the invitation of man that Christ came into the world. It all came from the workings of God's love. God always meets man's needs rather than his desires. Mr. Beecher has told of the new world in which he lived after he became conscious of the spontaneity of God's love. "I know not what the tablets of eternity have written down; but I think that when I stand in Zion, and before God, the brightest thing which I shall look back upon will be that blessed morning in May when it pleased God to reveal to my wandering soul the idea that it was his nature to love a man in his sins for the sake of helping him out of them; that he did not do it out of compliment to Christ, or to a law, or a plan of salvation, but from the fullness of his great heart; that he was a Being not made mad by sin, but sorry; that he was not furious with wrath against the sinner, but pitied him—in short, that he felt toward me as my mother felt toward me, to whose eyes my wrong-doing brought tears, who never pressed me so close to her as when I had done wrong, and who would fain, by her yearning love, lift me out of trouble."

This self-moving of God's love finds at least a feeble illustration in the attitude of the bishop toward Jean Valjean. After Jean Valjean had repaid the kindness of the bishop by stealing his silver and was caught and brought back, in order to deliver him from the hands of the law, the bishop said that he not only gave him the silver which was in his possession, but also the candlesticks which he had not taken. Jean Valjean was overwhelmed by this turn of affairs, as he never before had met with such kindness. As the officers of the law left, the bishop turned to him and said: "Never forget that you have promised me to use this money to become an honest man." He had promised nothing of the kind, as the possibility of becoming an honest man had never occurred to him; but in the face of such kindness and confidence he could promise anything and dare to undertake anything. But the bishop continued: "Jean Valjean, my brother, you no longer belong to evil, but to good. I have bought your soul of you. I withdraw it from black thoughts and the spirit of perdition, and give it to God." In the strength of that meat, Jean Valjean went many years through the wilderness of the world's sin and hate, and yet preserved himself from crime. It was the consciousness that one pure soul loved him and believed in him, and that there was such a thing as unselfish goodness in the world that held him to a righteous life.

Many criminals and lesser sinners are in the con-

dition of Jean Valjean before he met the bishop. They continue in sin out of very despair of living a better life and not because of viciousness or love of sin. The way of sin lay open before them, and they entered that path not because they had deliberately chosen it, but because it seemed to be the only path that was accessible to them. Every other door was closed against them. Following along the line of least resistance, they found themselves in the midst of a life of sin, and the world's uncharitableness and hate closes against them every door of escape. The prison door should be a door of hope, and not as it has been, an insuperable barrier against a return to an honest life. The work of Mrs. Booth in the penitentiaries shows what possibilities there are of reclaiming even the worst criminals. She awakened their latent manhood first by convincing them that she loved them and believed in them, and that there was a place waiting for them in the ranks of honest toilers. And then she held them to honesty and virtue by showing them that God loves them and would help them. Oh, if the world were no harsher in its judgment of the sinner than God is, the way to an honest life would be made much easier for erring feet! The judgment of Christ upon the Pharisees ought to be passed upon the world today with reference to all sinners. "He that is without sin among you, let him first cast a stone." God never stands between any man and heaven and happiness, but only between a man and his sin.

The message that the world of sinning, suffering and despairing humanity needs today is not that God will forgive their sins, but that he has forgiven them. All that they need to do is to accept the fact of forgiveness and to live in the power of it, and they are saved. It is not necessary to wait for this salvation until a certain type of emotional experience comes or perfection of character is attained. It is only required to cease from sin and the love of it and turn to love God and to do his will, and his forgiveness and redemption will pour into the soul like a mighty flood. You may think that the shackles of past habit are upon you so that they cannot be broken; but by his love and sacrifice Christ has bought your soul of you, and he claims it as his own. "Ye are not your own, ye have been bought with a price."

The same message comes to the high-class sinner. You are not shut up in the prison house of work or business or the pursuit of pleasure; you are a free man, a free woman, in God's own world, and he calls upon you to live his life and to do his work. He has done too much for you for you to longer remain indifferent to him. You may not have been guilty of any low and groveling sins, but you have rejected the claims of love, and that is a grievous wrong. You have been living among the miasma of earth when you might have breathed the pure atmosphere of heaven. Too many of us are like the eagle that had been so long shut up in a cage that it had almost forgotten that it had wings. At last the door was opened that gave it liberty; but it left its cage unwillingly and was pushed out into the free air. There it sat for a time, pluming itself and looking around, not realizing that it was free. But finally it stretched out its wings and seeing that nothing interfered with their free use, it suddenly awoke to the consciousness of its newly-gained freedom, and with a scream it soared away toward heaven. Our souls are free, and they have wings. All that binds them down to earth are the chains of habit and inertia. God has given us power to mount up as with the wings of an eagle; but we remain fixed to the earth by our listlessness and little faith. Let us launch out for a higher flight and trust God for the consequences.

Works and Days.

To break the gently undulating sea
With oars that seem to kiss it lovingly,
And watch the eddies as they circle back
Along my winding track.

To rest upon my oars, and, as I glide
With wind and current, in the cooling tide
To dip my hands, while something seems to say
Within me, "Let us pray."

As near as may be to the fringed shore
To keep my boat, and lean her gunnel o'er,
Watching the many-colored floor, untrod
Save by the feet of God.

His ways are in the deep; His sunlight, too,
Pierces its icy coldness through and through,
And touches many a wonder that abides
Below the lowest tides.

How beautiful the sunlight on the sea,
When waves by millions twinkle as in glee!
But 'tis the sunlight *in* the sea whose gleam
To me doth fairest seem.

It glorifies the pebbles with its rays;
It turns gray sand to perfect chrysoprase;
Plays with the amber tresses of the rocks
As with a maiden's locks.

Anon in some sequestered nook I lie,
And see the yachts, white winged, go sailing by,
And feel, which ever quickest onward flies,
Mine is the truest prize.

I watch the race with neither hope nor fear,
Since none than other is to me more dear;
My prize the perfect beauty of the sight—
Unselfish, pure delight.

I sit and wonder what the cliffs would say
If they could speak, remembering the day
When first, "Thus far, no farther," it was said;
"Here thy proud waves be stayed!"

Since then what laughter and what cry and moan
The sea has offered up to them alone!
What suns have kissed, what storms have left their blight,
What silence of the night!

So wondering, how strange it is and still,
Save where, a mile away, the drogers fill
Their battered dories with the shingly store
Of the long-hoarding shore!

That far-off sound is but a gauge that tells
How deep the silence is: like Sunday bells
Which, ringing, tell the resting village o'er
How still it was before.

These are my works and days: In these I drown
The cares and troubles of the noisy town,
And let it seethe and rumble as it may,
Day after weary day.

But when the Summer days are sweetly fled,
And great fall clouds go floating overhead;
When asters lurk along the pleasant ways
With golden rod ablaze;

Then I will back again to faces see
Than all these sights more beautiful to me;
Where friendliest voices wait for me to hear,
Than all these sounds more dear.

—*John W. Chadwick.*

And let it be remembered that the divine aid is really help. It does not supersede human exertion, but helps to make it effective. It does not overbear the human faculties, but invigorates them. The human soul lives in the midst of heavenly help.—*E. Peabody.*

THE CONGRESS OF RELIGION

Have we not all one Father.? Hath not one God created us?

REV. C. A. OSBORNE, Secretary.

To whom all contributions for this Department should be sent.

The Changing Moral Standards.

Each generation has its own standards of morality. If the Bible presents unchanging moral laws it is only the letter which remains the same. The interpretation changes with every new period. Much confusion of judgment on men arises from attempts to measure character in one age by the moral standards of another. Hon. John D. Long at a recent historic celebration pronounced a harsh verdict on the Pilgrims of Plymouth Colony, judging them by the present day standards. Rev. Morton Dexter last week, on another historic occasion in the same place, replied effectively to Mr. Long, taking the position that "when we compare them with the standards of these days and expect them to be as wise as the wisest of our time and as holy as the holiest and as enterprising and the foremost in all worldly matters, we do them an injustice. They are to be compared with the men and standards and ideals of the men of their own day, three hundred years ago."

The pulpit and the newspapers are constantly proclaiming that this is a degenerate age, that corporate wealth has appropriated what belongs to the people, while greed, graft and corruption are rampant everywhere. Political campaigns are going to be fought out on lines of restoring to one class what has been fraudulently wrested from them by another class. On the opposite side stand such men as Senator Beveridge, who boldly asserts, "We are in the renaissance of the decalogue in American commerce." The new time is not worse than the old, he would say, but we are judging it by new standards. Men are restraining themselves by new laws from combining to take such advantage of their fellow men as is now held to be unfair. Twenty years ago men regarded it as allowable and therefore not wrong for railroads to make secret agreements to give to some men better freight rates than to others. Now it is wrong because the law declares it so. Legislatures and courts are instructing conscience and making new rules for its guidance.

Social standards of righteousness are not changing more rapidly than individual standards. What the consciences of our fathers forbade them to do our consciences approve. We may not sit in judgment on them, but we will not permit them to sit in judgment on us. Early rising was a virtue forty years ago and a solemn duty a century ago. William Law, the eminent instructor of the Wesleys, whose word was law to a whole generation of Christians, denounced sleep as immoral and sleepers' waste of time in it as a crime. "Sleep," he said, "is such a dull, stupid state of existence that even amongst mere animals we despise them most which are most drowsy. He, therefore, that chooses to enlarge the slothful indulgence of sleep rather than be early at his devotions to God chooses the dullest refreshment of the body before the highest, noblest employment of the soul; he chooses that state which is a reproach to mere animals rather than that which is the glory of angels."

Those who in health did not rise by 4 o'clock a. m., in the judgment of Christian communities of that time committed sin. But petroleum and gas and electricity have chased the virtue of early rising out of sight. It was easy for people to retire to bed soon after sundown in William Law's time because they had not light enough to dispel the darkness. At a recent great meeting of physicians it was declared that too little sleep was destroying many lives, besides creating nervous irritability and other conditions which lead to many sins.

A man is now living, or was recently, who, crossing a railroad in Connecticut town on a Sunday, perhaps on his way to church, found one of the iron rails so bent as to make it likely that the next train passing over it would be wrecked. He pounded it into place with stones and went on his way. The next morning he was arrested for breaking the Sabbath, brought before the court, adjudged guilty, and fined. The moral standards of today would reverse that judgment. What was then thought wrong is now right, and what was then thought right is now wrong.

A century ago discipline of the body by fasting, sleeplessness, exposure to cold and even severer treatment was believed to promote holiness and to be evidence of it. Physicians had analagous theories. They attacked diseases as moralists attacked sinfulness, by bloodletting, exhausting the vital forces. Christians then sought to offer their bodies as living sacrifices to God by abstaining from food and weakening their vitality. We seek the same end by eating healthful food and enriching to the utmost our physical life.

These illustrations help us to realize that rules of conduct alone cannot be permanent standards of character. Jesus said that he came not to destroy the law but to fulfill it, but he did this by abolishing a multitude of laws by which men had been accustomed to judge the characters of their fellows, and by submitting motive as a measure of character. At one stroke he swept aside a whole compend of rules about foods which could or could not be eaten without sin, as his biographer said, "making all meats clean." To those who asked him for laws to measure men by, he replied that to love God supremely and one's neighbor as one's self was the sum of the instructions of the law and the prophets. Paul, the most eminent disciple of Jesus and instructor of the primitive Christian Church, declared that the man who loves his neighbor fulfills the whole law.

Moral standards are constantly changing. But the motive which God and man's conscience approves abides forever the same. And where love is the ruling motive the moral standards of each age will be higher than those of the age before it.—*Dr. A. E. Dunning in Congregationalist.*

A Great Opportunity.

The National Purity Federation which meets next month at Lincoln Centre has undertaken a mission the far-reaching importance of which can hardly be overestimated. The Federation is the outcome of a conference which assembled one year ago at La Crosse, Wis., and the conference now called by the Executive Committee is the first annual assembly of the new body. It invites representatives from every society in the country which is devoting any special attention to any one of the many phases of moral and social purity. An advance copy of the program bears the names of many distinguished workers and speakers, some of whom have a national reputation, and one lady from Germany comes as the representative of kindred societies in that country.

The present situation of the movement is exceedingly interesting and perhaps critical.

On the one hand, the poison-taint of lust seems to

be spreading. The traffic in vice was never more subtle and widespread. Vast capital is invested in it and huge combinations are constantly employed to ensnare victims and foster the vile business. The whole moral tone of society is corrupted by false and unequal standards of social virtue so that many men and women ridicule purity of life and conduct as impossible and unknown, while marital relations are often mere legalized bargains to be broken at will, or snapt asunder by easy divorce court proceedings.

On the other hand, there are, scattered over the length and breadth of the nation, and indeed of the whole civilized world, men and women who have been "born again"—regenerated in mind and practice. These are conducting local protests against these iniquities, sowing the seeds of a more enlightened knowledge, or seeking the rescue of the lost. Often these efforts are made single-handed and without direction or wisdom—simply the zeal of some soul burdened with a sense of the sin, the shame, and the ruin. In some cities there is sufficient moral momentum to sound a trumpet with a more potential voice.

But the weakness of the cause is that these forces are without community of interest and action. They speak no voice that can be heard in the counsels of State and Nation—they have no national bureau of education, no direction of energies and forces. Thus they are impotent to affect public opinion, they command no obedience or respect of politicians; even the church, generally, regard the workers as so many well meaning cranks. And it may be said of some of them that they are more gifted in grace than in wisdom. Not all reformers are wise.

Yet it must not be assumed that there are no men and women of talent and power in the ranks of social purity workers. Only let the "Federation" prove itself by wise and statesmanlike action and it will be found that there is an army of recruits ready to enter this holy war. Every section of the religious world awaits the commanding voice. Some leading spirits in the Medical world are already organizing against the ignorant and false assumptions of physical necessity and are ready to speak with authority on their side of this great problem. The Law, too, speaks through some of its most distinguished leaders; and Educators are everywhere asking for wise methods and judicious leadership on this subject.

What is needed, then, is that these many voices be given expression and potency. If the Chicago Conference can sound a note high enough and find a common plane of action—if *federation* can be attained under a National name, something worth while will be achieved towards the lofty and noble aspiration for a pure people in a free nation.

WM. BURGESS.

A Romanist Idea.

There is little reason to fear Romanism as a civil power in this country or a force destructive of our public school system. Probably there is just as much danger from a non-religious system of education which prohibits the literary study of the Bible in order to remain non-denominational, as there is of a sectarian religious teaching, but our Roman Catholic friends are sometimes over zealous in their condemnation of the public school system. At a recent national convention of Hibernians held in Saratoga, N. Y., Bishop James A. McFaul, of Trenton, N. J., spoke on "Catholic Federation" and we quote from this address some sentences which we think Arch-Bishop Ireland and most other prominent Romanists in this country would wholly disapprove. They, however, furnish an interesting commentary on the discussion of the public school problems.

One of the great reasons why there are in this country fifty millions of people who never go to church, who do not know God, is the public school system. So far as the public schools go, they are good enough. We understand that in a republic we must have a system of public education. The public school system cultivates the intellect, not the heart and not morality. Any institution not founded on the principles of religion and morality has destruction written upon its brow.

We love our nation and venerate our flag too much to sanction that which will destroy the republic. The fifty million people are those who endanger the country with ideas of labor tyranny, oppression of capital, the destruction of our government and our home and family life which is at the bottom of all society and the protection of the nation.

THE STUDY TABLE

One of the most startling and sterling articles, in a religious and theological way, that has appeared for the last decade is in *The Independent* for September 6. It is from the Very Rev. J. R. Slattery, a prominent Catholic priest of Baltimore, and in it he practically renounces his priesthood. He is from a distinguished Catholic family and has stood high in his church. He has come to the conclusion, at last, that in all contested points between Catholics and their opponents the latter are right. He finds that the heresy of one age invariably becomes the orthodoxy of a succeeding age. He also asserts that heresies and civil liberty have been and are co-related. In this way, both in church and in state, the advance of humanity is marked by the adoption of those principles which are for the time being condemned (damned). He argues such sterling questions as "Do morals depend upon religion?" It is his conclusion that the worst culprits in the recent insurance and stock yard scandals were Catholics and Protestants, and some Jews. "What meant religion for these men? Merely to change their coat on Sunday, and hear mass, or attend service. From Monday till Saturday they defied the laws of their country, and broke the teachings of their respective churches. And how have the churches acted? They were like dumb dogs." It will do any sincere person great good to read this article.

Open Court gives us, for September, a remarkable article on "The Vast Geological Changes Going on in the Southwest." It seems that the engineering, going on for the purposes of irrigation, has created a new sea, forty-five miles long and nearly twenty miles wide. Into this the Colorado river is now pouring its whole volume. No water is flowing into the Gulf, but every drop of it going to this new sea. The cut is already four thousand feet wide, and, if it cannot be controlled, the new sink or sea will be filled to the level of the primeval ocean, and the Colorado will never flow again into the Gulf of Mexico.

The Arena opens its September number with the sharp question, "Shall Lynching Be Suppressed, and How?" The writer of the article considers lynching a madness. "A community that possesses all the machinery for the legal punishment of crime and yet tolerates the infamous brutalities of the lyncher, is a fit subject for martial law." This reminds us of what was said last year in one of the London papers: "Lynching shows a change in the character of the American people, which is suggestive of strange developments in the future. I have noticed that the young men of America are steadily approaching a type which in its high cheek bones, piercing eyes, straight nose, hollow cheeks, and long active limbs recalls the Indians of the past. If that country has

once produced a race like the Indian, it may be that, in the course of time, its new inhabitants will be similarly affected." This may be a false conclusion, with a rather uncertain premise, but it is worth careful consideration.

The Atlantic for September has a capital essay on Brag. It contains an illustration of the effect of a false theology on manners and habits of a physical sort. Boswell tells us that the motions and tricks of Dr. Saml. Johnson are improperly called convulsions. "He could sit motionless when he was told to do so, and my opinion is that his peculiar actions always meant to reprobate his character." Johnson had the grotesque conviction of personal vileness, which Puritanism inflicted on the English middle class, and whose morbid influence still lingers with Englishmen and Americans. The possible influence of Calvinism on the American stock may not be so strictly religious as we have been in the habit of supposing. It stands to every age to invent its own religion, in order to express its finest hopes and purposes.

E. P. Powell.

Correspondence.

Another Book of Professor Parsons.

Dear Unity: Some weeks ago I wrote you calling the attention of your readers to the first part of Prof. Frank Parsons' new work on "The Railroads, The Trusts, and The People," published by Dr. C. F. Taylor in The Equity Series, 1520 Chestnut street, Philadelphia. May I now write again to call attention to Part II of this work, which has just appeared in the Equity Series, for single copies of which the price is 25 cents.

In this second part Prof. Parsons discusses the remedies of railroad and trust evils, and throws an abundance of light upon the question by giving the methods which have been used in other countries, especially in England.

The general reader will not easily find so many facts concerning railway legislation and control, even if he has access to many books on this subject. The student will be especially interested, also, in the point of view from which Prof. Parsons looks at this complicated question. There is need that every question in Economics should be viewed from the light of personal and social well being, and what is here said along this line is worthy of being widely quoted. Under the heading, The Supreme Test, Prof. Parsons gives these suggestive words: "The fundamental test of any institution, method, or service must be its effect upon the public good, its relation to morals, manhood, government, industry, civilization, and progress; and in applying this vital test the principal emphasis must be placed not upon the financial results, but upon the human results; not on money, but on manhood. Final values—real values—must be measured in terms of life and progress, not in terms of dollars and cents. Dollars and cents are important, of course, but life, liberty, justice, virtue, and intelligence are infinitely more important. Material wealth is an excellent thing, rightly obtained and properly used; but it is not an end in itself—it is only one of the raw materials of civilization. Justice, character, and human development, happy homes and noble lives are the real ends for which railways and all other institutions, whether industrial, political, or social, exist; and only so far as they conduce to these ends is their existence justified."

While these words are somewhat trite, they are by no means heeded, nor have they been applied to any of the commercial or industrial institutions of America as yet. It is at least interesting to see what one who holds the human end as greater than the industrial end has to suggest concerning the management of railways for the good of manhood and civilization.

Public ownership may not prove to be the best way to reach this high end, but the end must somehow be reached, and if the exponent of public ownership can make the public feel such ends as these in a way to act in their behalf, even the present method of railways will be forced to reach a higher standard of utility.

I would like to suggest these two parts of this work as most suitable material for study classes, and especially for the season's work in the men's clubs, which have been organized in some churches. Surely every public teacher ought to be reënforced by the facts which Prof. Parsons gives in such convenient shape.

Very cordially yours, Leslie Willis Sprague.
New York City, August 31, 1906.

The Power of Jane Addams.

Jane Addams, according to William Hard in *The American Magazine* for September, is one of "Chicago's Five Maiden Aunts." That may be a proper description. It is certain that Miss Addams is an extraordinary person. Witness Mr. Hard's plain tale of how Miss Addams met one difficult situation:

"Shortly after the Kishineff massacres there was a large sympathetic mass-meeting in a West Side theater. Jane Addams was the last speaker on the list," says Mr. Hard. "The men who preceded her did not spare the bloodthirsty Russians. Neither did they omit a single virtue in their description of the character of the Jews. Their efforts roused the audience to yells of approval. When Miss Addams rose there was a hush. As she went on with her speech the silence deepened. She spoke of the stupid laws which had confined the Jews to a commercial life. She spoke of the commercial vices which had irritated the Russians. She spoke of the ignorance and the bestiality to which the policy of the Russian government had condemned the bulk of the population of Russia. As long as this policy continued there was no hope either for Russian or for Jew, either for persecutor or for persecuted. Race hatred and race warfare would accomplish nothing. The trouble was deeper. There must be freedom for all. The Russian and the Jew must unite to secure the only form of government under which both could live in peace and in happiness. Their common enemy was ignorance and slavery.

"All these things Miss Addams said in her usual manner, her shoulders slightly stooped, her head thrown slightly back, her hands folded in front. When she had finished her speech on Russian freedom, the people on the platform were dubious. She had spoken well. But she had expressed no detestation of the Russians. And she had conceded no superiority to the Jews. She had spoken of them just as she would have spoken of any other group of human beings. The people on the platform hesitated. But the people in the audience recognized the ring of true metal. The applause that burst from all quarters of the house was worth waiting years to hear. It rose and fell and rose again and again. It had in it that quality of reverence which can seldom be discerned in the barren clapping of hands. But before it was well under way, Miss Addams was on the street, making toward Hull House and her work."

THE WATCH TOWER

Watchman, tell us of the night;
What its signs of promise are!

The Week

Cuba.

Cuban affairs have been passing through momentous changes within the week. At this writing President Palma has ordered the cessation of campaign operations against the insurgents with a view to negotiations with them and the restoration of peace by negotiation without American intervention. This action has been brought about by President Roosevelt, who has sent a cordon of warships to the island, carrying large contingents of marines. This was done primarily to protect American interests in the island; but also, if necessary, to intervene, under the terms of the Platt amendment, for the preservation of order. At the same time he addressed an open letter of great frankness and explicitness to the Cuban minister, explaining that unless order was restored promptly it would be necessary for this country to intervene; he also sent Secretary Taft and Acting Secretary Bacon to Cuba to investigate and report. A detachment of marines was landed at Havana, with the consent of President Palma, when there seemed danger of an attack on the capital, but was later withdrawn, with the exception of a small legation guard. The cause of the uprising is said to be the disgruntlement of a number of disappointed office-seekers, largely negroes, who represent the more lawless element in the island, but had this amount of right on their side, that their candidates were counted out by wholesale at the last general election by the party in power. The significant thing about the whole uprising is that the people apparently do not feel that they have any interest in maintaining law and order; but regard the whole matter as a squabble for office among politicians, with which they have no concern. Such political anemia on the part of those to whom we should look in this country as the backbone of the nation is perhaps the most discouraging feature of the whole situation. Unless a sentiment grows up that order must be preserved, even at great sacrifice, such uprisings will recur, and a permanent protectorate on the part of this nation become inevitable. It is said, indeed, that such intervention is desired, not only by the holders of property, but even by President Palma on the one hand and the insurgents on the other, though, of course, from different motives. It is to be hoped, however, that the present action will make this unnecessary. It would be far better for Cuba and for us to have it work out its own salvation.

Municipal Ownership Upheld.

Municipal ownership has gained an important victory in the decision of Judge Windes in the Chicago Circuit Court. If it is sustained on appeal, the way will be open legally for Chicago to own its street railways. The most important part of the decision is the upholding of the Mueller law, which authorizes the city to issue certificates not exceeding $75,000,000 for the purpose of acquiring and operating the street railways of the city, payable out of the earnings of the railways, but which do not constitute a debt against the city. The decision also upholds the various acts of the city council taken in pursuance of the provisions of the law. Another feature of great importance is the decision that the permission to carry parcels is also constitutional. The decision is important for the whole country, as well as for Chicago. Devices similar to the Mueller certificates may be provided for other cities, and the vexatious problem of the constitutional debt limit for cities be solved. It is clear that there should be such a limit, but that it should not prevent the acquisition of properties where these properties are not to be paid for by taxation. There is grave question whether it is wise for cities to own and operate their street railways, but it seems fairly evident that it is well that they should have the right to do so in the last resort, in order that they may not be imposed upon by public service corporations.

The Machine Wins in Ohio.

The Republican state convention in Ohio on September 12 proved a sweeping victory for the machine. The convention refused, by nearly two to one, to request Senator Dick to resign as state leader, and endorsed both senators almost as fulsomely as they did the president, though the senators have been the president's most determined opponents on the measures dearest to him. This means, of course, that the majority of the convention felt that the president was too popular to be slighted in any way, but that for themselves they preferred the Foraker type of politics, the spoils system and a good understanding with the great corporations. The leader of the opposition was Congressman Burton, and the incident is of special interest as affecting the possible candidacy of Secretary Taft for the presidency, as he is, of course, more in harmony with the Burton than with the Dick-Foraker type of politics. If he cannot, however, secure the endorsement of his own state it will make his nomination for the presidency much more difficult.

Death of Trepoff.

Few deaths of more importance have occurred in Russia for a long time than that of General Trepoff on September 15. He was hard and stern, and even merciless, but he has kept a certain kind of order through times of fearful upheaval, when the prevention of anarchy was perhaps the one thing most necessary for the future welfare of Russia. He had been chief of police and governor general of Moscow, the former during the regime of the Grand Duke Sergius and the latter immediately after his assassination; but of late had been governor-general of St. Petersburg, and the Czar's mainstay. He was a reactionary and cordially hated. Six attempts at least were made to assassinate him, in one of which two of his own nieces were involved, but he died peacefully in his bed. Whether there is another man in Russia who can keep order now becomes a question of deep moment. Gen. De Dioulin, former prefect of St. Petersburg, is announced as his successor.

The Maine Election.

At the state election in Maine on September 10th the Republican candidates were generally reëlected, but by greatly reduced majorities. The reduction is assigned to two causes,—opposition to the prohibition law, in its recent more strict enforcement, and the effort of the Federation of Labor, under the lead of Samuel Gompers, to prevent the election of Congressman Littlefield because of his opposition to certain proposed Congressional labor legislation. Republicans deny that the Federation efforts really accomplished anything against Mr. Littlefield, claiming that they helped more than they hindered. At any rate, under apparently favorable circumstances the new policy of the Federation to take active part in politics has not proved much of a success. The significance of the other issue seems to be that at present state prohibition will not be tolerated when enforced.

Filling a Post-Hole.

An amusing and significant incident in the controversy with electric railways is reported from Marion, Ohio. In order to prevent the erection of a pole for the road in front of her home a woman jumped into the hole dug for the pole and defied the railway people to erect it there. The railway people finally came to the conclusion that they could do without a pole in just that place.

T. D. B.

THE HOME

Helps to High Living

SUN.—Honor him whose life is perpetual victory; him, who by sympathy with the invisible and real, finds support in labor instead of praise; who does not shine, and would rather not.

MON.—A beautiful behavior is better than a beautiful form; it gives a higher pleasure than statues and pictures; it is the finest of the fine arts.

TUES.—What are the best days in memory? Those in which we met a companion who was truly such.

WED.—While with one man I walk among the stars, another pins me to the wall.

THURS.—Every man takes care that his neighbor does not cheat him. But a day comes when he begins to care that he do not cheat his neighbor. Then all goes well; he has changed his market-cart into a chariot of the sun.

FRI.—O friend, never strike sail to fear. Come into port grandly, or sail with God the seas.

SAT.—How it comes to us in silent hours, that truth is our only armor in all passages of life and death.

—*Ralph Waldo Emerson.*

The Sandman.

Sandman, sandman,
Round the world you go;
Sandman, sandman,
Every child you know.

When with us you have to be
You're not needed o'er the sea;
For with children there 'tis day,
And they're all at play.

When with us your work is done
Off to other lands you run;
For 'tis always night somewhere,
And you must be there.

Sandman, sandman,
Round the world you go;
Sandman, sandman,
Every child you know.

—*May Morgan in September St. Nicholas.*

Vegetables and Fruits.

The term vegetable has reference to the whole or any part of a plant cultivated especially with reference to use at the table. But the use of the word vegetable doesn't always depend upon cooking, for celery is a vegetable and apples are fruit, whether eaten raw or cooked. One would suppose the tomato to be entitled to the term fruit, for the method of its raising resembles that of fruit. But it is usually called vegetable, whether eaten raw or cooked, in spite of its appearance. The quince is so fruitlike in appearance—so resembling apples, pears, etc.—that it persists in being called fruit, though eaten only when cooked. Sometimes the vegetable is a bud, as with cabbages and brussels sprouts, leaves as spinach, stems above ground as asparagus, stems enlarged (tubers) underground as common potatoes, or roots as sweet potatoes, turnips, beets and carrots.—*From "Nature and Science" in September St. Nicholas.*

The Machine and the Man.

"I have worked on the same machine for twenty years," said an old slasher-tender one day, "until I have come to know the machine—and the machine to know me." The statement is suggestive. In a sense the man does become a part of the machine he operates, and the more he becomes a part of it, the more effective will be his day's work. He becomes a part of the machine in that his intelligence animates it, in that he makes himself master of his instrument. The man who had the imagination to make the statement just quoted, was not brutalized by twenty years of labor operating machinery. I know this man in his own home and I believe that in his daily life he deserves, as few of us do, the name of Christian gentleman; and his wife, although day in and day out for many years she has tended eight looms in a Fall River cotton mill, as few women I have the honor to know, the rare title of lady.

I am not familiar enough with the man with the hoe to venture an opinion, but as regards the man who operates the machine, I cannot believe that he stands bowed by the weight of centuries, nor that the influence of the machine in itself is brutalizing. There is much in the modern factory system that is brutalizing, and reforms are necessary. These reforms can come only when the man who buys labor learns that the man who sells labor is a human being like himself, and when the employee comes to the realization that his master is not a monster whose one thought is to grind the workingman under his feet.—*J. T. Lincoln, in the September Atlantic.*

San Francisco's Harbor.

Perhaps the most notable "bottle" harbor in the world is that at San Francisco. Here is a vast reach of water fifty-five miles long and in some parts twelve in width. Into this bay the tides of the Pacific flow, through the famous Golden Gate. This is a strait about a mile in width in its narrowest part, and very deep. The proud Californians look out over this serene expanse and tell you that here is anchorage for the combined navies of the world, which, indeed, seems a very mild statement of the case. Aside from the immensity of this harbor facility it is interesting to notice that California's two big rivers, after traversing the great interior valley, flow into this bay. Thus nature has furnished two serviceable water roads, leading from a most notable natural harbor into the very heart of a rich farming, mining and lumbering region. These rivers, the Sacramento and San Joaquin, are of the same commercial significance to California that the Hudson is to New York.

The harbor at San Francisco is the more noteworthy because it is the only one of first magnitude south of Puget Sound, and it is claimed by some that this is the reason that the city is sure to recover from the recent earthquake and fire. Between these points California presents to the Orient an inhospitable cliff coast, only occasionally broken by a little beach or minor inlet. Little coasting steamers make landings, it is true, at several points along this grim front; but it is a matter of considerable hazard. In some places along this coast great cranes, fixed upon the cliff, hoist people and freight ashore in baskets. And the daring little skipper must even then keep one eye to windward lest a crashing storm drive in upon him and forever terminate his service on the sea. Thus it is that the two great harbors mentioned must for all time share a monopoly of the Pacific ocean commerce. One familiar with the Atlantic seaboard can parallel the situation by blotting out, in his mind's eye, all the ports between Savannah and Portland, save only New York. And between these, in place of the numerous hospitable inlets, substitute a scarcely broken sea cliff. He will then have the conditions before him which give to San Francisco its preëminence.

In nearly every case these natural bottles are what the geographer calls "drowned rivers." That is to say, the coastal lands in the vicinity have subsided, allowing the sea to flow in, and convert what was a lowland valley into a partly inclosed marine sea. Divers have gone to the bottom of New York Bay and have found there the ancient bed of the Hudson River, as that stream flowed before the mouthward part of its valley subsided into the sea. The old bed reaches through the Narrows and well out into the floor of the Atlantic. Of course, as the sea water entered the sinking valley, any hills rising thereabout would become islands, in the new order of things. And there we find them to this day, in almost any of these inclosed inlets.—*From Walter J. Kenyon's "Geographical Bottles in September St. Nicholas.*

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ASSISTANT EDITOR: EDITH LACKERSTEEN
DEPARTMENT EDITORS: CYRUS A. OSBORNE, MRS. WM. KENT

THE WATCH TOWER:

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Only legitimate lines of business will be admitted to these columns, and only those firms who will "make good" on all offers will be retained. *We therefore absolutely guarantee all advertisements herein.* If any subscriber reports that money sent to an advertiser has been misappropriated or falsely applied, or in any way a plain deception has been practiced, we will investigate the case and if charge is true we will make good the loss to our subscriber.

UNITY PUBLISHING COMPANY.

THE FIELD

"The World is my Country, to do good is my Religion."

Foreign Notes

THE OPIUM TRADE IN THE FAR EAST.

Readers of the September *Appleton's* or the current *American Monthly Review of Reviews* can hardly have overlooked an important article by Mr. Chester Holcombe, author of "The Real Chinese Question," reviewing the course of British diplomacy within recent years as related to the growing dominance of Russia and the danger of an encroachment on British interests.

A most painful phase of this article is the revelations made as to Great Britain's persistent policy of forcing opium upon China. The following facts and figures are presented:

"Ever since Great Britain refused to renew the charter of the British East India Company and assumed direct control of that empire, about seventy years ago, it has been her ruling purpose, not only to maintain a secure hold upon the country but also to develop Indian commerce to its utmost limit. In this direction one of England's most persistent efforts is that of forcing open the Chinese market for opium produced by Indian farmers under government control and a government monopoly. England's success in this endeavor has been remarkable. In 1880 the total import of the drug into China was less than 300,000 pounds. From 1838 until 1900 the total amount imported was 284,582 tons, or an average of rather more than 1,120 pounds each hour of every day and every night in that time. This does not include the immense quantities smuggled into China during the period named. From this traffic the British government received, within the years named, a revenue of about $1,329,135,630. The profits derived from the business, which is almost exclusively in the hands of British subjects, would be represented by an even larger sum. Besides, Great Britain has urged war in this effort to force opium upon China, and the cost to the latter country would include enormous sums in the form of forced indemnities and costly endeavors to protect the Chinese people in such wars."

Mr. Holcombe thus arraigns the British government as the most dangerous foe of the Chinese race which it has ever been their ill fortune to meet.

"She has been the constant and successful enemy to the development of the enormous natural resources of the empire, and to the honest commerce with China of every nation. The merest glance at the facts will show this statement to be well within the bounds of truth and moderation. Take the year 1871 as an example. Three-fifths of the total British imports into China consisted of opium. In that year nearly $64,000,000 worth of the drug was imported, while the total exports of all Chinese commodities to all parts of the world were under $105,000,000. The bill of John Bull against China that year for opium furnished, smuggled opium not being included, was nearly three times the amount due to China for all merchandise sold to all foreign nations, Great Britain only excepted. Thus from year to year Great Britain has balanced with opium the accounts of the world with China. When a foreigner of any other nationality pays a debt due the Chinese, the money goes, not to the Celestials, but to Bombay, Calcutta, or London. It is hardly necessary to add that opium constitutes by far the most important factor in British commerce with China, which exceeds that of any other nation."

Mr. Holcombe goes on to analyze, in this connection, the terms of the Anglo-Japanese treaty, which he pronounces "inequitable, vicious and underhanded." Japan emerges from the late war "victorious, indeed, but transformed into an ally and supporter of that one of the European quartet which has wrought the worst havoc of all in Asia." While really supporting Great Britain's opium traffic with China, Japan has herself always resisted the introduction of opium into Chinese territory. Opium is contraband in every port and part of the Japanese Empire. Japanese officials are now engaged in eradicating the opium vice from Formosa, where it had a strong hold when the Japanese secured possession of the island. Yet Japan has bound herself to aid, if called upon, in the protection of British poppy fields in India, and, constructively, in marketing the harvest in China.

Here by way of contrast, is a French expression as to the opium trade in the Far East which the *Signal de Genève* quotes from the *Semaine Religieuse:*

"At an unfortunately slimly attended session, the House of Commons passed, by a unanimous vote of those present, a resolution declaring that the opium trade between India and China is a thing to be morally condemned, and calling upon the government to promptly take the necessary measures to put an end to the traffic. It is to be hoped this resolution *may* not remain a dead letter entombed in the files of the administrative office concerned!

"On the other hand the French committee for the Protection and Defense of Native Races has interested itself in the subject, and a few months ago, M. Paul Deschanel, chairman of the committee of foreign affairs, protectorates and colonies, having formulated the strange motion whose substance will be given further on, M. Paul Vivllet, a member of the Institut and president of the committee for protection and defense of natives, wrote to the president of the council a letter from which we cull this passage:

"The committee has felt in duty bound to make an energetic protest against the purpose voiced in the letter of M. Deschanel under the heading *Siam* No. 3: To see that the right of French citizens to freely import opium into Siam shall be respected.

"The Franco-Siamese treaty, of February 13, 1904, contains no section recognizing any special French rights as to the importation of opium into Siam; and I do not know any other treaty containing provisions touching this project. But, whether the committee of foreign and colonial affairs means to enforce an express stipulation contained in some diplomatic document or only a general principle as to liberty of commerce, the committee for the protection and defense of natives affirms that in either case a moral duty devolves upon men who have the honor to represent our country and that is not, for the sake of furthering commercial instincts, to make themselves accomplices in the spread, in Asia, of such a poison as opium. We have repeatedly concerned ourselves with the ravages which the pernicious use of opium, favored by our monopoly, has already caused in territories subject to our control. The resolution of the committee on foreign affairs, protectorates and colonies tends to impose opium in Siam, even though the sovereign of that country wishes to protect his subjects from it, this is an idea against which it is our duty vigorously to protest.

"I venture to hope, Mr. President of the Council, that you will see fit to make a determined resistance to any such claim, whose success would be a veritable shame to France."

M. E. H.

University Lectures.

The following is the University Extension course arranged for by the South Side committee for the coming winter. The lectures are to be given on Tuesday evenings at the Abraham Lincoln Center, where tickets and full information can be obtained.

October 2-November 6: "The Master Writers of the Bible," six lectures by Herbert Lockwood Willett, Ph. D., Assistant Professor of the Semitic Languages and Literatures.

November 13-December 18: "American Literature," six lectures by Richard Burton, Ph. D., Professorial Lecturer in English Literature.

January 8-February 12: "Scenic Features of North America, from the physiographic point of view," six lectures by Wallace Walter Atwood, Ph. D., Instructor in Physiography and General Geology. (Illustrated with stereopticon views.)

February 19-March 26: "The Men Who Made the Nation," Part I, six lectures by Edwin Erle Sparks, Ph. D., Professor of American History.

Farming Is Changing.

It Is Coming More and More to Be an Efficient, Profitable and Attractive Business.

The character of farming is changing rapidly. It is coming more and more to be an efficient, profitable, and attractive business. With here and there an exception, in the past we have not given much consecutive thought to the business—nothing like as much as the merchant gives to his business or the doctor to his. It has been so "easy" a business that untrained men could succeed in it. The change in economic and social conditions is breaking up the tradition. Farming is becoming more difficult, and the old methods must go. In the future only the well-informed and efficient-thinking man can succeed; that is, only the educated man.

The country is to offer other advantages to the educated man than merely to be a good farmer. There are good opportunities for leadership on public questions—probably better opportunity and with less competition than in the great cities. The very fact that city representation is increasing in the legislatures should make the able country representative more of a marked man. The growth of the institute movement, the grange and other rural organizations, gives fresh opportunity to develop leadership of a high order.

It seems to me that, by the very nature of the progress we are making, the college man must go to the farm. In fact, college men have been going back from the beginning of the agricultural education movement. Statistics show that a very large percentage actually have returned to farming, and this in spite of the fact that cities have been growing with marvelous rapidity, and that the whole system of agricultural colleges and experiment stations has been developing and calling for men. Considering the limitations under which the agricultural colleges have developed, without sympathy, with the indifference and sometimes the opposition of educators—the very men who should have known better—with wholly inadequate funds, it is little less than marvelous what they have accomplished within a generation.

From L. H. Bailey's "The Agricultural College and the Farm Youth" in the September *Century*.

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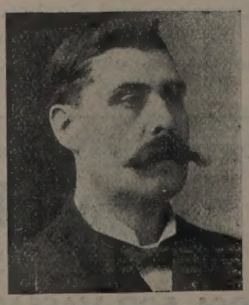

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